Your colleagues in Egypt did just the ence proved that my flannel and bruf than their pills.

November 16th. Well, doctor, is this going to get well, I suppose ? A doctor than not try to persuade a dying man th What, pills ? A quinine mixture, as at

19th. What a pleasant thing is rest! come a place of happiness for me; I we it for all the thrones of the universe. How I have fallen! I, whose activity whose mind never slumbered! I am ph in a lethargy; I have to make an effort tc

December 8th. Desaix was devote< mented by the thirst for glory; his dea misfortunes. He was skilful, alert, bold fatigue, and even less of death: he wot victory to the ends of the earth. Brave

26th. You want to get me into the ga: — I am very weak, my trembling legs me up.

Ah, doctor, how tired I am! I feel breathe is doing me good. Never having having taken medicine, I can hardly about such matters; the state I am now